The COMMONWEAL

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American Foreign Policy

ALTHOUGH the United States has yet to register a major military victory in the field, little doubt remains that our political democracy can fight a war with all the efficiency of a fascist or communist dictatorship. In the course of two years we have built up and despatched to the front lines such an aggregate of men and matériel as to make allied victory inevitable. Any dictator would have been happy to have produced as much in twice the time.

Winning the war, however, involves a great deal more than making the most efficient use of our vast new air, sea and land power. No one can predict from here the length or costliness of the contest, but the real danger is that we shall fumble on the enemy's goal line. We apparently do not know exactly what to do with our impending victory in the field. Russia, in the person of Stalin, seems to know exactly what she wants and Britain is not far behind. They have the initiative; we are currently subject to a whole series of rude political awakenings. And when we go off on a tangent of our own, as in the French matter, the results are far from happy.

More joint action would help matters, but before that can be achieved the United States must formulate what she wants and come to some agreement with Britain and the USSR about it. We have a number of talking points. Britain needs many of our new merchant ships if she is to develop the export trade she considers vital for her continuance as a great power; Russia needs vast quantities of American machinery. Or, to take only one other instance, consider our tremendous headstart in postwar civil aviation. If America develops an articulate postwar program, we have the wherewithal to obtain a respectful hearing.

Conflicts of interest in political and economic matters confront American democracy with its greatest challenge yet during this election year. The only way to meet it now, when the critical decisions on the peace are being made, is to devise some means of assuring the President bi-partisan responsibility and support in his negotiations. The need: a program and assurance that the nation will support it. That is the challenge of this election year.

The Pucheu Trial

IN A conquered country when the conquered population refuses subservience and when an active minority is at war against the conqueror there exists a certain insurrectional right. The nation's sovereignty resides in organizations which must of course be illegal. Their action against the occupying forces and against those compatriots who collaborate, beyond the limits of imposed necessity, with the conqueror, against men who are in fact traitors to the nation's deepest will, draws its sanction from the traditional rights of a just insurrection. Thus the French underground can condemn and execute traitors, and such sentences, subject always to the laws of prudence and justice, have been historically recognized as valid.

But can such an organization delegate its powers to a body functioning outside the immediate zone of pressure and the compelling necessities of underground strife? Can a tribunal function as an emergency tribunal in a zone where the normal process of law might be expected to reassert its rights? To say the least, the matter is debatable.

Whether or not the Algiers tribunal had the right to judge Pierre Pucheu, its procedure as reported here seems to have been highly irregular. Political speeches were made, available witnesses were not called—notably Rollin from London—the presiding judge himself at one time had pledged allegiance to Vichy. The moral authority of General Giraud, who testified that he had permitted Pucheu to come to North Africa because he could not see how to refuse a Frenchman the right to serve with those who seek to liberate France, has been sacrificed by the verdict.

Pierre Pucheu may have committed acts—it is probable that he committed acts—for which French justice acting with all the safeguards it accords an accused would have condemned him.

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The Algiers trial did not, from all available reports, grant these safeguards. The Algiers trial failed the higher traditions of French justice. It was carried out in the atmosphere of the tribunals of the French Revolution but it was not held in revolutionary Paris; it was held safely in Algiers. It creates the irremediable. Perhaps it was for this purpose that it was held; if so, we think that this intransigence should have been left to the French people.

"Ground Rules"

We believe that as our military power grows our responsibility to exercise that power for more and more clearly defined military purposes grows also. As we grow stronger we cannot act as if we grew frantic. Just as our political plans must grow steadily more precise, so our military action steadily must be brought closer, always, to rigidly chosen objective military ends. For our military action, just as our political action, if uncontrolled by principle can bring chaos. Specifically the action of air power, if allowed to develop by its own momentum, will become an irresponsible force creating a victory indistinguishable from chaos. . . .

The only code capable of rendering this [air] force a legitimate instrument for achieving victory must be based on radical and clear decisions. Here the technical elaboration will be considerable: blind bombing, number of planes, weight of bombs, etc. The idea simply is: if William Tell had used a cannon. . . .

1. The means used by air power to destroy a military target must be adapted strictly to the performance of the specific task, gauged to the purpose of reducing to a minimum incidental destruction. Where the destruction of non-military areas foreseeably and certainly must exceed in importance and intensity the destruction of the military target involved, then that target can no longer be considered a legitimate military target. It must be spared.

2. The military target, in order to be a legitimate one must be so placed that its destruction will involve no more than calculable and secondary effects upon non-military areas. . . .

3. When the legitimate secondary and incidental effects of the bombardment of military objectives become intolerable to the populations under bombardment, those populations and their governments must be enabled to choose between continued suffering or submission to clearly formulated rules defining open cities. What is here involved is new legislation in a new historical situation to meet the case of cities surrendering to enemy forces unable to occupy them. It should be clearly understood that such rules would create a situation favorable to our attacking forces, unfavorable to the enemy save in one respect: that his cities, by submission, would be saved.

In the long view that is to our own interest, immeasurably.

THE COMMONWEAL, *September* 10, 1943.

As has been said many times in these pages, it is *war* that is the atrocity, and there is no reason to expect that its barbarous nature can be held in check. The responsibility of the Christian is to oppose war by opposing and helping to cure the conditions that breed it, and it is too late to discharge that responsibility in relation to a given war after hostilities have started.

Christian Century, March 22, 1944.

Today's atrocity is general. It envelops us all, and no clergyman, merciful in his pulpit, can escape responsibility by the easy trick of introducing some local ground rules at this late date. Any such person who still has the strength for intellectual processes had better employ it not in fending off bombs from Berlin but in examining the inexcusable pattern of life which can again set a first bomb in motion—wherever it may fall, and dropped by whatever side or in whatever cause.

The New Yorker, March 18, 1944.

THE CLERGYMEN, merciful in their pulpits, to whom the *New Yorker* refers are a small group of pacifist clergymen who presented Vera Brittain's article "Massacre by Bombing." A far greater number of clergymen is represented by the *Christian Century* and these clergymen and the *New Yorker* are in complete agreement that war is war, etc. At THE COMMONWEAL we are not any clergymen at all. But we seem to be in this debate.

Our contribution is this: the attitude of the *Christian Century* and the *New Yorker* represents an extraordinary achievement in escapism. A complete surrender to automatism, a final abdication of intelligence and will. This is the division of life into a period in which it is permissible to think and a period in which it is forbidden to think—not only forbidden but useless. In wartime it is useless to think, to make ground rules, to make any rules at all, to direct in any way the machines which we use in war. Never has such a convenient way been found to avoid responsibility and unpleasantness.

I am not directly interested in the clergymen. I have said repeatedly that this is not a Catholic argument or even primarily a moral argument. I have appealed not to the emotions but to the responsibility of people to persist in evaluating what is done in their name. I have asked them to measure the methods employed against the ends pursued. The argument against area bombing has been an argument of expediency. Is it expedient to kill more men than is necessary, to ruin more than is inevitable?

By "inevitable" I mean what I say. What ruin can be avoided, what ruin cannot be avoided, given our purpose to win the war and obtain the least disadvantageous foundations on which to build the peace?

Forbidding this inquiry, calling it useless, saying that we can think about it when it will be too late—admittedly—to do anything about it, entails certain consequences. If we give up thinking about air power we might as well give up thinking about strategy ("War is too serious a thing to be left to the Generals"), we might as well give up thinking about the purpose of the war—stand stupid and silent and with our eyes shut, until someone tells us that we may come out and play again, play at making rules.

For it is when you are doing something that you must watch what you are doing. It is when you are doing something that something gets done. If we look at the war as if it were outside us, if we permit the war to follow its own momentum, its own obstinacy, then afterward, indeed, it will be possible to talk—it may not be possible to do anything but talk. And those who talk then and who are silent now, it may be that no one will care to listen to them.

C. G. PAULDING.

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Three Poems

Sunday Morning

His shoulders crouched from a life's rapt and dim
Peering over the hundred stops, the high tiers of the manuals.
We thought the piano looked too little. We thought of him, out of sight
Alone in his loft with the great wind-pealing forest.
But he lit our vine-screened room with holy sounds
Till our blood beat with them, till the youngest
Could steer his treble chirp over the tune's clear curve.

"Commend the steps thou takest,
Commit thy heart which cries . . ."

For all his fierce red brows and his taut leap at the keys
We knew he was as soft as new-cut hay.

"To Him above Who maketh
The vastness of the skies. . . ."

Sopranos lifted their heads to reach the high part,
Altos widened their throats; the halfgrown tenor,
The stripling basses rose huskily to the rising phrase:

"For He Who guides through heaven
The clouds and winds and sleet . . ."

He made us love to sing, he made us love Sunday morning:

"Will find thee too a pathway
Where thou canst set thy feet."

MARINA WISTER DASBURG.

The Fifth Act Never Ends

Four hundred years since Shakespeare lived and sang;
Four centuries of laughter, grief and sin;
Four hundred springs and autumns with the tang
Of something we have lost but gained within.
And yet this evening is the same: that cloud
As dark as Marlowe's mood; that croaking frog
And cricket chanting harmony; that loud
Whisper of gossiping trees; that barking dog.
Though actors change, old lines are read again;
New costumes hide our Hamlet and our clown;
Juliet weeps, Ophelia goes insane;
Ambition mocks the fool who sought renown.
The fifth act never ends, though fate is kind:
A curtain falls and bellies in the wind.

Lieutenant Colonel CULLEN JONES.

Bayonet Drill

The bayonets make mouths at each other;
In one instantaneous grin of steel
Flashes the rehearsal of death,
The mimic murder . . .
Then we grounded arms,
We threw ourselves down on warm turf,
And suddenly I saw,
Far up in the beautiful blue expanse of sky,
Pitiless, pure and august,
The clouds . . .

Not the sweet archipelagoes one sees at evening,
Making the heart beat with the dream of Hellas,
The desireless waters, the coasts of peace,
The Happy Islands . . .
These were violent mountains,
Ramparts beckoning escape,
An escape even more desirable,
Because, if you only ascend far enough and high enough,
(As dear old Ibsen knew),
It is even better
Than to take the wings of a dove and depart
To the ultimate ends of the sea;
You are alone with the ancient simplicities of space and height—
And nearer God.

And now I remember it was in a cloud
That God hid Himself
When He last visited our happy world,
And in that age, pleasantly called of gold,
Doubtless the gods, so jocose, so kindly,
Hung them in the sky for our instruction,
(We who creep about and chatter,
And love and kill each other),
Knowing that even the best among us,
And the fairest and the most lovable,
Have striven greatly, and been greatly fooled—
Like the passionate Titan who desired a Goddess,
And embraced a cloud.

The clouds are different now;
The heat has reached them,
Burning them inward like paper.
And out of them emerge
Mountains of brass, rivers of blood and steel,
Horizons of pain,
Filled with the tramplings and neighings of horses,
White horses with manes flashing and with
Fiery eyes,
The glitter of spears . . .

And against this sky of wrath and fume,
Lost in an expiation without end,
The form of him, the Lonely One, the Hero,
Who daring greatly,
Contemned the high tranquillity of heaven,
To steal for his engoaléd friends, his brothers,
The milk of human sweetness,
And the fire of love.

CUTHBERT WRIGHT.

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Men with a Purpose

A study of the tension between "sect" and society

Roger Caillois

EVERYTHING points to this. It would seem that many excellent minds, ordinarily but most especially today, feel the seductive attraction of secret societies. Even today when both customs and institutions tend to discourage such a feeling. In the last century already one could observe examples of this attraction: in Baudelaire and in Balzac; more recently in D. H. Lawrence and particularly in Thomas Mann's "Magic Mountain," as well as in that volume of Jules Romains, "Men of Good Will," which is significantly entitled "In Search of a Church." And such minds seem to caress the project of founding a sort of Order, an organization which would group at first no more than a few men, dissatisfied with the world in which they live, and desirous of changing it. One may imagine them drawing up a pact of solidarity which would require of them infinitely more than they presently grant to the environment from which they have come, and also far more than this environment even dreams of asking of them. But it is precisely this discipline which attracts them. In it they see a promise, a guarantee of effectiveness. Looking upon this community, one sees it protected at first by its very insignificance, and by the ridicule surrounding it, and then little by little one sees it gaining in breadth and in power. Remaining always a minority of the elect, it would, ultimately, take over the direction of the destinies of the entire nation—or of the universe. At the least it would have in their governing a decisive influence, and that influence would not be suspected in the least by a vain, pretentious and obtuse multitude which would endure this most subtle yoke in exchange for servile happiness.

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Of course this is a sort of a day dream which I have amplified and made even more chimerical. Yet it would be a mistake to disdain such reveries. They show the existence of a general unrest and they can inspire initiatives capable of producing results. We smile when we run across them in books, yet one can meet them elsewhere—in life itself—and then one is terrified. For it is the nature of myths to seek embodiment and to mold reality in their image. Consequently one must be on guard against being sceptical on principle, for such a scepticism, blinder than naïveness, can prevent one from following the miraculous development of most strange destinies.

Before the war of 1914, Germany already offered a favorable soil for adventures of this sort. At the time they were mere childishness—nothing more. Nevertheless various movements were contemplating delightedly these adventures and showed the general symptoms characteristic of them. Youth, in one group or another, seceded as it were from society, and sought, marching along the roads, a climate which would be more propitious to certain undefined longings for ardor and purity. The war, and then the defeat, exasperated tendencies which were still inoffensive and indeterminate. The national humiliation proved the failure of the old world. It had been discredited long ago; many had denounced it already for its mediocrity; it had made a vain attempt to survive its own death by changing its institutions. The extent of the disaster, however, proclaimed to the rooftops the need for a radical overturn. It provided also a common aim, urgent and grandiose, for countless free energies, and for countless aspirations, as yet undecided, which soon were to take part in the fight against a tottering order—and soon were to be persecuted by that order. We are well aware of the fact that secret associations for terrorism and revenge prospered at that time. The Freikorps kept the war from ending at Germany's frontiers. The Holy Fehme punished the traitors within the nation. From these societies Hitler's movement drew its strongest elements. Everything leads one to believe that later on he got rid of these too obstinate elements, but their somber mysticism presided over his first step. For the period of this first frenzy there is eloquent testimony, of which Ernst von Salomon's "Les Réprouvés" remains certainly the most direct and the most instructive. It is true that the new master took care to eliminate those of the fanatics whose almost religious temper was misplaced on the political terrain. For there are certain virtues which one profitably can use when conquering power, but they became perilous when one is installed in power, for then they may quite possibly be used against oneself.

But we are dealing now only with the first days, with the start of a movement, with the days when

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the original dreams can give no indication of the terrible eruption that this effervescence finally produces in history—when cold calculation in propitious circumstances makes use of all their forces and suddenly one sees an incomprehensible avalanche madden and crush a nation, and more than one nation.

In one of the first issues of a magazine which, in January, 1940, began once again to appear in occupied Paris—precisely as a final result of such a cataclysm—Henry de Montherlant tells the tale of an attempt in which, together with four other young men, he took part in 1919. The idea was, he says, to form "a society somewhat formalized and somewhat Spartan." The project in itself was fairly harmless, even in its ambitions, however limitless they were potentially. The author adds to these revelations so many commentaries and references to more illustrious examples, such as medieval chivalry and Japanese Bushido, that one feels clearly that once again he is inclined to take this youthful effort seriously. What force drives him then, twenty years afterward, to recall such insignificant episodes of his forgotten youth, unless it be a confused consciousness that some link binds them to the spectacle which he has under his eyes and to the great events of which he is a witness?

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For so works out the ultimate fate of all "sects"; the same spirit animates them from the days of an almost childish game, and the first rupture with society of a tiny group of ridiculous conspirators, straight on until the final and monstrous clash. At times it nourishes a frivolous and indefinable agitation which has no hold on the world and which is almost wholly idealism. At times it is the driving power behind the great revolutions and catastrophes of history: to the imagination of adolescents, conquerors and nations, it proposes the same seductions, persuading them to separate their destinies from those of an immobile and cowardly world in which the care for personal or family prosperity stifles in the majority of men the call of adventure and the wider world. Here is where the first step is taken. A certain number of men seek to flee a society whose maxims counsel abstention from duty whenever and wherever duty can be avoided—even at the cost of justice and of truth. (Serving justice and truth, naturally enough, is not very restful.) An instinctive protest against a mediocre life amidst haphazard acquaintances, whom existence assembles without uniting, provides young and ambitious dreamers with the picture of a band of chosen companions strongly associated together in a struggle which mystery, abnegation and heroism always render attractive.

One would seek in vain another motive for the constant attraction offered by the sects. They appear as the eternal fountain of secrecy and ardor, of loyalty and power. And perhaps in truth they are that. Possibly it is in the childish daydreams, or in attempts which do not outlast a season, that first one finds the climate, that first one attempts and tests certain necessary virtues—those virtues which society is not capable of practicing too scrupulously and which it dares not even praise to excess. Society profits by the existence of these virtues, but exhausts them. Far from cultivating them with predilection society lets them waste away. Society discourages those who hold to them, by demonstrating how foolish it is to follow principles that others do not respect. Occasionally even, society knows how to put a stiff brake to a zeal which disturbs too many privileges and interests. This is the customary régime and it is well known to us. And that is why it is well that one should forge—just as customarily and as often—the idea of another régime, quite opposed to the normal, a régime in which it is possible to amass a provision of directness, of intransigence, of discretion, or of any other rule of conduct for which the apprenticeship can be made only in a limited group and under the pressure of some necessity.

Thus the sect and society are permanently opposed to each other, but for the common good. The spirit of the sect strengthens in those hearts which feel its call the vocation to become members of an élite. And at the same time it warns them of the duties which accompany such a choice. It teaches them the particular disciplines which they must accept if they truly seek an exceptional destiny. Customarily society takes back within its framework and makes use of the independent energies which at first had sought to make their career outside of society and against society. But even when they return to society, their revolt has tempered their steel. From their revolt they return richer, abler, stronger. They have more to give. Society, in which they are reabsorbed, benefits from a surplus of useful strength, and the highest forms of its culture end by receiving a precious contribution from these illusory, arrogant and rebellious enterprises in which there is a considerable portion of sport and dream, but which help, better than a normal and uneventful growth, to make of an adolescent an adult, tried and proven. The prodigal sons accomplish more for civilizations than do those who never leave the beaten track. Doubtless it rarely happens that these escapades, in themselves, achieve worthwhile results. Everything returns to order and conventionality. The sect, in the event that it is formed, one fine day disbands, and its audacious projects are no more than a memory. Yet each believer in the sect profited by his belief. The wonderful aims were but dreams which had the proper and fragile fate of dreams. But the lesson of intransigence that was learned, the oaths that

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were kept, the honor that was held to, these are the lasting acquisitions. For these acquisitions are subject to the law of the soul and its trials, where nothing is touched which does not leave its trace, plow a furrow. Everything inaugurates a habit, the vile as well as the noble. Everything creates and then deepens an inclination, a disposition which becomes natural, and among these the more ancient are the deepest, as they are also the most tenacious. To learn fidelity and rigorousness is not a task to be despised.

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Yet occasionally when the sect is assisted by propitious circumstance it goes beyond this modest rôle. It establishes its existence solidly and its struggle is for self-preservation. One may then no longer consider it as a school through which one does no more than pass, and which dispenses to ungrateful students—without their noticing it—a teaching which will serve them later even when they have forgotten the school. It takes hold of its members for their whole life. And now it enters into open competition with the society in which it has taken form. It acquires a resistance to the event which soon becomes superior to the temptations or threats which society has available for suppressing it. It defines its doctrine and its aim. It enters into merciless combat, and finds itself persecuted. Every virtue is carried to its paroxysm; blood flows. Its members are outlawed and pursued. Society seeks to exterminate the breed. But the members, too, mark out their adversaries to be victims at the hands of consecrated avengers. Occasionally gentle martyrs, renouncing this world and expecting their triumph in another and more clement, abstain from reprisals, but more often, the sect seeks a very earthly victory. And consequently as soon as this victory is obtained the sect is lost and becomes a forerunner of disaster.

For this is the moment in which it fails its proper mission which was to group separate vocations. Its honor consisted in maintaining the sworn alliance of individuals freely united at the moment that they undertook a difficult task. But if these men possess supreme power, then everything is immediately vitiated and that very hardness in which they trained for heroism precipitates them into the ignominious. If they take over the control of a nation, then they no longer recruit their membership from those who choose freely to join them. Accepting impartially in too vast a fellowship the wheat and the chaff, they propose an entire and intoxicated population for unjust sovereignty over all others. Thenceforth birth makes a man's merit and becomes the principle of superiority. Blood, history or frontiers become the foundation for fraternity; the foundation no longer is an identity of will. The past decides the future, gathers into a common fate an uneven multitude in which more even than in normal times the worst elements prevail, for no one is allowed to pursue a personal perfection by himself.

The rights which belong to all men are refused to most men. Most men are held in slavery. And toward this end are consecrated, without any respite, the resources of the nation. Nothing is excepted from this conscription and every energy —mobilized also—must furnish its maximum effort. Nothing less than that is necessary for the domination of a world. For the forces which one piles up and the virtues which one cultivates are those which find in war alone their use and their glory. Conquest itself seems to become of secondary interest. And in the end there is born a sort of religion of war which makes of war the true and final purpose of all collective existence in which already one had managed to engulf the entire existence of each and every man. And here is the "holy" war with the onslaught of frenzied battalions desiring not only to conquer but to convert. They follow the banners on which, trembling in the wind, are blazoned the magic emblems of some prophet: the Crescent, the Swastika, and all the other emblems which reserve Paradise for warriors, preside over a people's holocaust.

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Is it permissible to conceive of a sect provided with such lucidity and self-possession that it would never turn the precious virtues, which its severe climate is better able than another to develop, toward ends which have as their only seduction the natural fascination of horror? For this to be possible the sect would have to renounce the very sources from which it draws its own strength, attraction and renewal; its pride in being separate, its appetite for effective power. For this to be possible a sect would have to cease desiring a power which in any way depends on the material. For to obtain power, and later to use it, it will need assistance of the same nature. In order that it may conquer a world which is of this earth it will be forced to lean upon the weight of the things of this earth. And finally, it will be a race or a nation, and no longer a pure élite, which will find itself hurled at the conquest of the universe; the sect will have divided men according to a division for which they are not responsible and in which neither choice nor merit has any influence—instead of uniting them by their affinities and the demands of their hearts.

Yet on the other hand if one imagines a fraternity which shall be entirely spiritual, what then? One will have to conceive of such a fraternity as being composed of men separated in space, without any bonds holding them to the world, linked only by an ideal solidarity which would be theirs because they followed a common

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law, and placing their ultimate pride only in a two-fold refusal: that of the advantages which satisfy the greatest number, and that of the ordinary means available to force. The only authority they would retain would be that of example and of an inner grandeur of which no one could deprive them.

Is this not inventing something like sanctity? And what could be more completely opposed to the proud spirit of sects? One must conclude, therefore, that the spirit of sects is no more than a first rejection, a first disdain for the bait of society and the world. And that this path leads to an abyss if one persists in treading it. It tempts men to terrible and infernal virtues which, far from forming the dough out of which society is made, should be only a ferment. They can render society fruitful, they can be for society a fertile salt, they can be the live origin of fortunate scandals; but also they can drag society into a vertigo in which it loses peace, honor and liberty. Their destiny, on this earth, is a limited destiny. He who aspires higher let him start out, if he so wishes, by following this path, the path of the sects. Before long he will have to leave it.

Art and War

M. A. COUTURIER

WE REMEMBER well what took place just before the war when the nazis sought to rid Germany, purify Germany of "degenerate art," by removing the Picassos, the Matisses, the Braques, the Bonnards, the Rouaults, the Utrillos, the Chagalls which hung on the walls of German museums. They organized an admirable advertising campaign, and they held the sales meticulously and virtuously beyond their frontiers in Switzerland. They printed and distributed excellent catalogues. They called in the best dealers. And thereby they managed to draw from this measure of national hygiene, from this extraordinary catharsis, a maximum profit in hard cash.

Yet hardly were they in Paris, a little later, booted and spurred, and no doubt immunized by victory, than at once they started buying up everything they could of this same "degenerate painting": and soon there was not enough left of this poison to supply the German demand. . . . The years have gone by. Friends who have come from France tell us that the greatest of our painters have immense difficulty in finding any canvas, or any colors to put on canvas. It is already a long time ago that Valéry sent word to Louis Gillet: "We are too hungry and too cold to be able to write . . ." But the Germans, ah the Germans, they keep on buying up, they keep on carrying away the Picassos, the Braques and the Matisses. And recently the New York *Times* informed us

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that Marshal Goering, and Dr. Goebbels himself, were spending considerable sums in American dollars on paintings by Picasso, considering these acquisitions—it would appear—investments for which there would always be a world-wide and stable market.

Essentially I am not at all sure that in all this there is anything more than an extremely practical concern for the future, or anything more—at a time when so many cities are falling in flame and ruin—than a search for safe and sane investment. And of course that element is present. Yet there are certain days when, in the heart itself of so many disasters, a little optimism, a faint tenacious hope is born again. We remember what we read in the history books when we were children—and what happened to so many invasions, and how Andalusia tempered by degrees the Moorish ferocity, and how Clovis adored what he had burned, on that fine day when "the proud Sicambrian bowed his head" beneath the pure water flowing from the venerable hands of Saint Remy, and how an impoverished, a weakened and a defeated Greece gave the heavy and harsh Romans some share of her grace and freedom. And then we say: "After all, possibly, the charm of Paris is once again at work . . ." One thinks of all the Americans, all the English, all the Russians, all the Germans who, coming to Paris for a fortnight, were annoyed and scandalized by all they saw, yet never went away again, or never entirely recovered from their having had to depart.

"So many things haunt the soul of a German, even of the best German, from which he would so dearly wish to be delivered." How can one not suppose that in the ranks of the Army of Occupation there is some Werner von Ebrennac* still living, still despairing? And it is perhaps of him that we must think, we also, despairingly.

There are others than he, less pure, and whom the "silence of the sea" no doubt does not disturb. Yet perhaps even they too are sensitive to certain things and, in the long run, not invulnerable to the peaceful evidence of certain truths. And tonight I find once again among my papers these lines written for some forgotten lecture: "We are told that the Germans are looting our galleries, carrying off our masterpieces. Let them carry them off. They do not know what they are carrying off. People suppose that one can steal a masterpiece the way one can steal a bank note. That is not so. You put an idea into a mind and, at first, it is nothing more than a few words in one's memory: one fine day you discover that, without your ever having known how it happened, it has reached into the most secret regions of your mind and of your heart—already you live by that idea alone. And that is the way with all masterpieces: they awaken round them—with the passage of time—in a house, in a life, in a soul, everything that can resemble them and understand them. One may not live unscathed with a fine Cézanne, a fine Renoir, a fine Picasso: they end by getting the better of one. The German looters do not know what they are stealing. They think they are only carrying off 'valuable objects': what they are carrying off is a certain principle of life, the principle of a certain way of living."

★

One said these things believing them to be true. They are not true. We must rid ourselves of these illusions. Things only work that way in the case of certain men, in the case of men who are, after all, exceptional. For the others, for that huge mass whose numbers, and weight, and primitive passions bring on the revolutions, the invasions and the wars, the process takes far too long a time to permit us anything but a distant hope. We can foresee only the direction that it is possible for men to take during a lifetime whose span remains too short. Man is far too complex. To believe that love, the sincere love for the purest masterpieces, can purify a heart, a life, is almost always an illusion: countless men have adored the most perfect music, the finest painting and have remained swine. The beauty of forms, the beauty even of thoughts or of emotions, reaches and purifies certain regions of the being, but leaves other regions to their muddied uncertainties, to their distress.

It is probable that France has been relatively better treated by the German occupying forces than such and such another country, and it would seem true also that France owed this preferential treatment in part to her culture, her paintings, her poets. Yet nothing stopped the machine guns firing on the refugees along her roads, nor the tortures in the close secret of the prisons, nor the execution of the hostages, not all the attempts which were made to corrupt her. The love, even the passionate love, which certain of these Germans have always had for France, seems, at certain hours, to have been, in their minds, but one more reason, one added reason, to throw themselves upon her. Alas, there is nothing in all this which should surprise, nor yet anything to leave us with much hope. The influence of the arts on the

*The central character in "Les Silences de la Mer," a short story published and distributed by the underground and distributed, later, by the RAF, in Occupied France; it is about a German officer quartered with a French family of two—an old man and a girl—and the "silence of the sea" is their silence, their refusal to accept his love for France. By extension it is the deep refusal, the terrifying silence of all the French. Faced with that silence and with his discovery that the Germans have given up whatever plans they had of respecting France, Werner von Ebrennac gives up his own hopes and dreams and applies for duty on the Russian front. The story is signed "Vercors," a pen-name. (In French: Les Silences de la Mer. Schiffrin. $1.50. In English: The Silence of the Sea. Macmillan. $1.00.)

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progress of behavior decidedly is no more than slight. That which neither Bach, nor Beethoven, nor Goethe was able to accomplish for his German brothers, how can we hope that Corot, Cézanne or Matisse can succeed in effecting? We must leave these dreams. We must face the truth, the harsh truth. By God's grace material force is not always and finally victorious, but let us recognize that, lacking it, the spirit, almost always, is conquered, or, for a long time, imprisoned.

The Stage & Screen

Jacobowsky and The Colonel

POSING again the current carnival riddle—*find the playwright*—the Guild's third offering of the season quite simply calls for a drama detective rather than a critic, and I only wish I had the fakements for the job. In a season entirely devoted to schemes rather than plays (I except "Decision" and "The Voice of the Turtle"), this one appears to me to be far and away the most ramified and puzzling of them all; and I can see no way of getting at it except to begin at the beginning—with the publicity. Produced in association with Jack H. Skirball, under the supervision of Lawrence Langner and Theresa Helburn, the script is down as an American play by S. N. Behrman, based on an original play by Franz Werfel, and staged by Elia Kazan. Somewhere between here and the West Coast, a further writer, Clifford Odets, was reportedly hired and retired; and rumor has it that when confronted with the present version, Mr. Werfel felt constrained to rise from his sick-bed in California and travel East in protest. At present, I am unable to conjecture what movie money and maneuver may be behind the venture.

The result of this roundabout, as presented at the Martin Beck, is the story of Jacobowsky, a gentle endearing little Polish Jew who, having spent the later years of his life trying to become a citizen of one country or another, manages, by his dispatch, humor, and immediate wit, to transport an aristocratic Polish Colonel, the Colonel's lady, plus some vital documents, from Paris to the Atlantic Coast of France (and subsequent freedom) during the terrible month of June, 1940. That the lady is French as well as beautiful and chooses in the end to remain and fight with her conquered country is only part of the story, the pivot of it being the relation and opposition between the two countrymen of the piece—the officer and his small guide. And it is in the character of the Colonel that I feel the confusion of minds employed in the writing is so sadly evident. Established at once as a gallant military figure, this character is built into a problem in manners, a man with a "code" rather than any particular faith. Displaying a determination to pray to God, to play the violin, to fight private duels for his "honor" in the teeth of disaster (all actions evenly distributed as comedy-stuff), he emerges on the stage merely as an actor (a good one: Louis Calhern) playing an actor:

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a theatrical *tour*. Nevertheless, throughout the evening, repeated reference is made to him as the "Don Quixote" of the piece, as a "Fifteenth Century Man"—separate analogies which, in their ignorance of both the history and spirit of Christianity, are simply laughable and which break the play into pieces. For while every reason is presented (and justly so) why the Colonel has need of Jacobowsky, the verso of the page is never written at all. "Together," says the little man, just before the final curtain, "we would make a good hero"—a statement which, in its implications, should have produced a profound, truly compassionate, enlightened human comedy; but which, since it is never proved, leads neither to agreement nor understanding. A play which cannot recognize its own hero—even though that hero should happen to be two different characters—would appear to me to be either half written, or written twice, from two conflicting points of view. I think the latter is the case with "Jacobowsky and The Colonel," and I definitely do not think it an honest or feasible plan.

Pictorially speaking, the production suffers from the same divided attack as the play. Among a number of good straight sets, Stewart Chaney presents a climactic café one, superficially a copy of the Van Gogh painting, mounted around a lovely cardboard-cut-out billiard table, raked at an unusable angle, and producing an expectation of farce in the audience for the one scene in which purely tragic actions occur. I am unable to analyze such stylistic incompetence. On the whole, the performances are rewarding as performances: Oscar Karlweis's amiable and delightfully humorous Jacobowsky, and the theatrical virtuosity of Mr. Calhern's Colonel taking the lead. In the part of the French Girl, I thought Annabella deficient in physical projection, a fault evidently inherent to movie actresses, and one which may very probably disappear during the run. Primarily, however, she seems to lack *line* as an actress, and is hindered by too many small gestures—too many elbows and no hands or arms.

Because of its pathos, its gayety, even its partial philosophy, I think this is a play one should see, but certainly rewrite for oneself. (*At the Martin Beck.*)

KAPPO PHELAN.

Trial at Scene of Crime

ONCE in a while the movies tackle a problem that is too big for them, a problem that cannot stand the simplification necessitated by the requirements of plot, characterization and dramatic structure. *"None Shall Escape"* is such a film. It is not a bad movie. Its main trouble is that it attempts to cover a subject which should be the material for a full-length, serious book.

"None Shall Escape" takes place in the future and shows us the trial of a nazi general during the reconstruction period at the end of World War II. Litzbark, Poland, is the locale of this court—which is one of many to be held in numerous places to judge the guilt of those who started the war and committed its crimes. As three witnesses disclose what they know of Wilhelm Grimm (Alexander Knox) to the solemn judges from the victorious United Nations, a series of flashbacks reveals the story of this defendant. First, the village priest (Henry Travers) tells how Grimm returned to Litzbark in 1919 to resume his work as school teacher. Disillusioned at Germany's defeat, unwilling to consider the Poles his equals, bitter about his crippled leg, Grimm was made more unhappy when his Polish fiancée, Marja (Marsha Hunt) postponed their marriage. He went berserk, attacked one of his pupils, was responsible for her suicide. Partially blinded by a vengeful villager, Wilhelm was helped out of town by the priest and the rabbi.

Karl Grimm (Erik Rolf), carrying on the story from this point, relates how his brother Wilhelm arrived in Munich and was befriended by Karl and his wife. Then Wilhelm became interested in the nazis and their Fuehrer. Later, when Wilhelm was a big shot in the Party, he repaid his brother's kindness with incredible meanness. Not only did he succeed in winning Karl's son to the Party, but he had Karl thrown into a concentration camp because he knew too much about the Reichstag fire.

In the courtroom again, elderly Karl Grimm steps down from the witness stand and Marja continues the testimony against Wilhelm from the time the nazi general was put in charge of Litzbark province after the Germans took Poland in 1939. Marja's tale reveals the suffering caused by the conquerors, the use of the synagogue as a stable, the slaughter of the Jews (a powerful sequence in which the rabbi delivers a moving and heroic speech of farewell). But Marja's disdain for Wilhelm turned to fear when Wilhelm's nephew fell in love with Marja's daughter. However, a worse fate was in store for the girl when a spiteful nazi officer persuaded Wilhelm to have her turned over to the officers for their personal use. The girl's death resulted (whether from shock or suicide is not made clear), but when her body was brought to the church, Wilhelm's nephew tore the nazi insignia off his own uniform and came to the services. This proved a final blow to Wilhelm who shot and killed his nephew.

I have told much more of this plot than I usually do, because I believe "None Shall Escape" is an important picture. It was made as a B and its build-up and advertising campaign have reached A proportions. André de Toth's direction is impressive, and Samuel Bischoff's production throughout the film is good. The acting and Lee Garmes's photography are of a high standard. While I do not think that the post-war trials are suitable material for cinema, I do wish that this picture had had a more documentary tone and had made the film's central figure a more normal person instead of the frustrated teacher whose attack on the little girl puts him in the criminal class even before he joins the nazis and goes in for large-scale barbarities. "None Shall Escape" certainly succeeds in provoking thought. It is by no means just a sensational melodrama or song of hate. When the trial ends, the defendant asks for no mercy; in fact he is rather defiant in stating that "we of the Nazi Party will arise again and again." The judge does not pronounce sentence. He turns to the jury and to us and says the responsibility of judging Wilhelm Grimm and the other war criminals will be ours. I wonder if movie goers will confuse all Germans with this Wilhelm Grimm or if they will be capable of judging fairly.

PHILIP T. HARTUNG.

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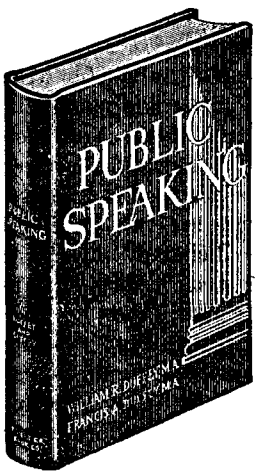

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Outstanding in the biography field is V. Sackville-West's "The Eagle and the Dove" (Doubleday, $2.50), a discerningly artistic appreciation of Saint Teresa of Avila and Saint Thérèse of Lisieux. Then there is William Wistar Comfort's "William Penn" (Pennsylvania, $2.00), the latest in an excellent little series of studies of Pennsylvanians who played important rôles in early American history. "Spirit of Flame" by E. Allison Peers (Morehouse, $2.00) is a well-written essay on Saint John of the Cross, while William Reany's "Saint Theodore of Canterbury" (Harder, $2.00) is a more formal life of an early English saint. Wallace Fowlie's "Clowns and Angels" (Sheed, $2.50) is a sensitive but uneven analysis of modern French poets and novelists. For sheer charm of a rather special sort there is "The Innocents at Cedro" by R. L. Duffus (Macmillan, $2.00), which tells of the young author's year with Thorstein Veblen many summers ago. Quite impressive for their perception and spirituality are "The Letters of Evelyn Underhill" (Longmans, $3.50). Konrad Heiden's "Der Fuehrer" (Houghton, $3.00) is adequate but undistinguished.

Several of the most interesting current volumes have to do with peace and reconstruction. The historical background of Versailles could hardly be better brought out than in Stephen Bonsal's "Unfinished Business" (Doubleday, $3.00). A readable companion volume is the newsreel-type "Victory Without Peace" by Roger Burlingame and Alden Stevens (Harcourt, $2.75). Mortimer Adler's "How to Think About War and Peace" (S & S, $2.50) performs the amazing trick of reducing all the perplexing practical problems of the peacemakers to a simple syllogism. Robert R. Nathan's "Mobilizing for Abundance" (Whittlesey, $2.00) rather convincingly asserts that the key to postwar prosperity and an economy of abundance is a series of steps that will offset savings. According to Mr. Nathan keeping money in circulation is the only way we shall be able to consume all that we have the capacity to produce. Probably the most significant and realistic of all these volumes is Carl Becker's "How *New* Will the Better World Be?" (Knopf, $2.50).

There are a number of absorbing popular historical works. John T. Flynn's "As We Go Marching" (Doubleday, $2.00) draws some striking parallels between Italian, German and American methods of meeting the big depression. He sees us under the present Administration drifting into fascism; his book is destructive criticism pure and unbroken. There are two good historical works on Russia: "Road to Teheran" by Foster Rhea Dulles (Princeton, $2.50) and "Short History of Russia" by B. H. Sumner (Reynall, $3.75). Where Thomas B. Morgan's "The Listening Post" (Putnam, $3.00) is a series of chatty newspaper recollections of the Vatican, Camille M. Cianfarra's "The Vatican and the War" (Dutton, $3.00) is a serious effort to analyze the present policy of the Holy See. At the same time "The Church and the Liberal Society" by Emmet John Hughes (Princeton, $3.00) is an unvarnished presentation of the Catholic attitude toward "liberalism." Nicholson B. Adams's "The Heritage of Spain" (Holt, $4.00) is a charming cultural study, as is "A Century of Political Cartoons: 1800-1900" by Alan Nevins and Frank Weitenkampf (Scribners, $3.50). A stark and bloody epic is Euclides da Cunha's story of the suppression of a primitive Brazilian rebellion, "Os Sertãos" (Chicago, $5.00). A particularly workmanlike job is that of Owen and Eleanor Lattimore, "The Making of Modern China" (Norton, $2.50).

There are always a number of volumes which defy simple classification or lie outside the previous categories. Some of these comprise the most remarkable volumes in the whole list. "Europe's Children" by Thérèse Bonney (Duell, $3.00), for instance, which was first privately printed and is now available at all bookstores, is a deeply appealing series of photographic studies, all of them touching but only a few dealing with the horrors of starvation. Walter Clay Lowdermilk's "Palestine, Land of Promise" (Harper, $2.50) is an excellent factual tribute to the Jewish pioneers who have settled in their homeland and transformed barren wastes into thriving cities, forests, gardens and farming communes. The handsome halftones themselves tell the story, but Dr. Lowdermilk, who is an American soil expert, gives considerable detail as to the accomplishments of an inspired people. Talbot Hamlin's "Greek Revival Architecture in America" (Oxford, $7.50) is about the most handsome gift book of the lot. Eric Shepherd's "Murder in a Nunnery," highly entertaining mystery story, is now published in play form by Samuel French ($1.50). François Mauriac's "The Eucharist" (Longmans, $1.50) is a highly personal meditation on Holy Thursday based on recollections of a French boyhood. The latest back-to-the-land book, "How to Live in the Country Without Farming," by Milton Wend (Doubleday, $2.50), is an informal little guide to non-commercial farming and the productive home by a rural craftsman who has kept up with the latest developments in biodynamics and ploughing shallow.

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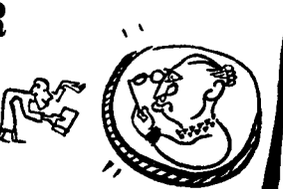

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Greek Culture

GEORGE N. SHUSTER

IT MAY seem paradoxical to be told that, in this year of carnage, a book concerned with the great figures of the pre-Aristotelian period in Greek cultural history is possibly the most significant recent commentary on human events. I sincerely think it is. Professor Jaeger's third volume* must, of course, be read as a sequel to its predecessors. Together they reveal the process both of reason and dedication which seemed to the great Greeks the essence of education. This *paideia* was not simply a matter of the formation of the individual, important though he was. It was, rather, a method of constituting and safeguarding the community in the light of reason.

Such a treatise as this could not have been written without the aid of more than a century of meticulous scholarship. That had edited the texts and outlined the historical setting in which they were produced. Of equally great moment, however, is Jaeger's genius, which combines critical analysis with an extraordinary gift for synthesis, revealing then in the form chosen its own appropriate literary skill. As a result, the Greek doctrine now appears in its true light as one of the three truly formative educational philosophies known to the Western world. The other two were the Hebraic law and the Catholic discipline, particularly as formulated in the liturgical year. Professor Jaeger stresses the analogy to the second. "In Plato's thought," he says, "there is no possible educational knowledge which does not find its origin, its direction and its aim in the knowledge of God." The Good, revealed as real by the laws according to which the stars and the soul of man alike move, is the guarantor of the validity of the intelligence.

★

In previous volumes Professor Jaeger had shown what virtue was held to be in the archaic world of Homer and Hesiod, and how educational methods were devised to assure the inculcation of both. Obviously the ethical ideal and the means for attaining it were contingent upon the polity, and this in turn had been the concern of Solon. Athens had taken up the task seriously. It had been the constant theme of Thucydides and the tragedians. Then had come the fourth century and Plato. Those who have read the earlier Jaeger volumes will recall the extraordinary brilliance of the commentary on some of the immortal dialogues.

Now we are launched, first of all, on a journey into the Greek world of medicine, which was not a specialized technique of healing merely but a regimen, a discipline, of living, from which Plato borrowed notions for training the soul in health. I cannot attempt to explain how revolutionary this treatment of a large section of Greek literature seems to me. Those of us who have had some acquaintance with fragments of these authors and even some opportunity for reading commentary may have a

*Paideia: The Ideals of Greek Culture. Vol. III. Werner Jaeger. Oxford. $3.75.

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slight advantage of preparation for what is here afforded; but I think that anyone who understands a little, by reason of his own experience, of the trends in significant modern medicine will be astonished to learn what Greek thought in this field was. Nevertheless Plato's use of the analogy between care of the body and of the spirit had its principal test in political discussions. Could the state have a practical, healthful program if it did not possess, first of all, a system of civic instruction?

★

The antique world buzzed with constant discussion of events and ideas. On its highest political level, this was a debate between a lofty rhetorical method and the exacting program of philosophy—was, more concretely expressed, an altercation between Plato and Isocrates. Professor Jaeger presents both sides, for the first time (as far as I know) revealing the stature of Isocrates and so demonstrating his significance for the present time. Athens was a democracy and therefore dependent for its efficiency, and indeed for its survival, upon an élite. But by whose authority was that élite to be formed? Isocrates answered that the arbiter was to be the great common good, construed finally as the Greek cultural-political order wedded to the power and genius of Macedonian dictatorship. This was, as Professor Jaeger shows, an optimistic answer to the problem for which Demosthenes could find only a pessimistic, because narrowly, traditionally Athenian reply.

It was Plato who, despite his constitutional readiness to dismiss the real if it was not an image of the ideal, found the answer in divine authority. The law of God revealed to reason suggested the content as well as the form of educational process by which citizen and state were to be formed. A long chapter on Plato's "Laws" seems almost the supremely original and significant part of Professor Jaeger's book. For here is presented, against the background of historical circumstance, a logic which has transcended history even though the audience for which it was intended fell a victim to historical fate.

★

I am not sure that the author, presented to English readers in an excellent translation, would enjoy pointing a moral beyond his own lucid presentation of the past. Yet it is obvious that the modern debate has to do with the selfsame issues. Can we survive unless the public mind—at least that section of it which is not expended on specialized technical tasks—has been trained for survival? And by whom shall the training be given? Too frequently one hears that the democratic struggle is only with totalitarianism as something apart and strange. That totalitarianism, which the Greeks called tyranny, is only a bogus, tragic substitute for the discipline which the democracy fails to apply to itself, is too frequently forgotten. And in this oblivion there is involved the fateful question of authority. Shall we say that this is to be found in the divine reason as manifest to human reason? Or shall we hold that it is to be evolved out of the needs of the state? That is the modern conflict, deeper and more pertinent even than the immediate brush at arms with Hitler or Tojo.

Catholic Book Club Selection for April

THE Church AND THE Liberal Society

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CONTEMPORARY CHINESE STORIES. *Edited and translated by Chi-Chen Wang. Columbia.* $2.75.

BLESSED ARE THE MEEK. *Zofia Kossak. Roy.* $3.00.

THE STEEP ASCENT. *Anne Morrow Lindbergh. Harcourt.* $2.00.

China's Humanity

TWO ANTHOLOGIES of Chinese shorter fiction have been simultaneously issued by the Columbia University Press—both volumes uniformly bound, and edited and translated by a member of the faculty of the same university, Chi-Chen Wang. They will appeal to any reader interested in the art of story-telling, or to readers interested merely in good stories, for they contain a collection of excellent tales which are far more than literary curiosities. The contemporary volume will probably strike you as being the less interesting of the two. Strangely enough, it requires a more elaborate apparatus, including a brief glossary of Chinese words and honorifics—something quite unnecessary in the classical atmosphere of "Traditional Chinese Tales." This in itself is a commentary on modern China. Evidently today's literary artists in the Far East have been greatly influenced by the West, and by a West which is still deeply enmeshed into the local color and specificity and subjectivism of the romantic movement. Hence imitation of the West, far from making the Chinese product more readily understandable, obscures it for us, since we do not know first-hand the specific things with which these writers are concerned.

"Contemporary Chinese Stories," as has been said, is full of European influence. One cannot help suspecting that the major influence is French. And French culture has indeed succeeded in being peculiarly penetrative and stimulating almost everywhere throughout the world during the last fifty years. Many of these tales are tinged with exactly that same futility and nostalgia, that utter absence of greatness and heroism, that feeling of being trapped in a tight and exitless pattern of life which first began to emerge in the sad clarities of Flaubert and which has been so much the emotional stock in trade of "artistic" story-tellers ever since, especially in France. It is probably a middle class phenomenon—arising from the exaltation by that class of prudence and security into life's prime virtue and *desideratum*. Take "The Helpmate" by Ling Shu-hua. It is nothing more than a devastating picture of petty bourgeois life at its most disintegrated. A mah-jong-playing wife is dissipating her husband's slender means through silly gambling. Her daughter has not adequate shoes against the winter's cold; her son lacks a proper overcoat. Her servants despise her. She pawns her husband's clothes in order to keep up her gambling, and thus threatens the whole family livelihood by making it impossible for him to present a decent appearance at an official function. Everything is drab and unlovely and petty. Another specimen of the same sort is "Neighbors" by Yeh Shao-chün. Here again is a thoroughly lower middle class family living with Japanese neighbors. One of these neighbors is evidently a decent sort, and the two small boys of the two households are good friends. The other neighbor is a thoroughly mean specimen. He accuses the little Chinese boy next door (who is the narrator) of having insulted him, and makes it so unpleasant for the

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Chinese family that they have to move out of the neighborhood. Here is the last sentence: "I stopped for a moment in front of the door of our neighbor to the west. It was closed. The boy had not yet returned from work and so I did not have an opportunity to say goodbye to him." The only stories which somehow seem free and open and human are those which detail episodes of war; here man is master of his fate; here intelligence and bravery exist and count for something.

How different is the atmosphere in the volume of traditional tales. Under a social organization presumably far more rigidly stratified, men seem far freer; they are held responsible for what they do, and they look upon themselves as being responsible. And hence they are able to be heroes even when there are no battlefields. Consider the exquisite tale by an unknown author of the fourteeenth century—"The Oil Peddler and the Queen of Flowers." It is the romance of two young refugees, fled from the Tartars. They come from the same district but had never laid eyes on each other until each had become established in a strange city. Then they met by accident. The girl is very beautiful and has been reduced to being the most sought-after courtesan of the town; the boy is very honest and hard-working and has become an oil peddler. He falls in love and scrimps and saves for more than a year in order to accumulate enough money to purchase his beloved's favors for one night. His kindness and consideration win her heart. Eventually they marry, prosper, and are regarded as models of virtue's triumph over adversity. In all this there is no befogging of moral issues, there is no sentimentality. There is acceptance of the existence of evil, coupled with an assumption that men have it in their power to escape from and even overcome evil. Here is that great tradition of China which has seemed so noble to the most exacting Christians, and which is the basis for the hope that in China Christianity may yield such a flower as has never been seen in the West.

The Times of Saint Francis

HAPPILY the Middle Ages have been reappraised during recent years. Over-zealous Catholic apologists, some of them, have learned enough about conditions in those times to revise the estimate that the thirteenth century, say, was from every angle mankind's golden age; secular historians, the best of them, now recognize the great elements in that age of faith. In historical circles the terms "Middle Ages" and "Dark Ages" are no longer synonymous. Zofia Kossak's "Blessed Are the Meek" is an historical novel which reflects the new Catholic realism. It is mostly about princes, serving men and maids, great ladies, worldly prelates and crusaders. It has to do with the passions and misfortunes of sinful man. The contrast between these ever-present self-seekers and Saint Francis on his few brief appearances could scarcely be more striking. We see him first on the way to Rome to get approval for his Order; we encounter him in Egypt with the Crusaders or in the Sultan's tent and in the Holy Land itself. But whatever the Poverello's circumstances he accepts them joyfully. Where others are weighed down by the cares of the world, Francis and his friars feel as free as birds. There is something highly romantic about the way they accept whatever food is laid before them, take shelter wherever the Good Lord provides. They accept the Bible literally. Poverty they embrace lovingly, hardships and danger they face readily, they are not afraid of death. Saint Francis and his disciples go about doing

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good. "Blessed Are the Meek" has far more to do with the "world grown cold" than the fire of charity the Poverello of Assisi enkindled in the hearts of men, but Zofia Kossak has presented here and there an authentic impress of his spirit.

Feminine Pattern

AGAINST prefaces there should be a law. When they take the form of a send-off to a new author by a poet or critic who already has a name, it is an admission that the publishers do not have enough confidence in the judgment of the American reading public. When, however, the author himself obliges with a preface, he tends to take the edge off what follows. In any case it is usually better to save the preface till the end. It is particularly advisable in reading Anne Morrow Lindbergh's latest book. For her first attempt at fiction, remarkable as it is, never rises to within several miles of her extraordinary preface. Few contemporary authors could have produced a brief prefatory essay embodying such cultivation and penetration. But it serves far better as a conclusion than as an introduction to the "Steep Ascent."

The narrative itself is a poetic account of a dangerous all-day flight from the British Isles to Italy shortly before the war. At the controls is an English counterpart of Charles A. Lindbergh. His American wife records her reactions from take-off to landing. There is the heart-stab at being torn from a five year old son, the charm of the French countryside from the air, the majesty and terror of the Alps, the desperate realization that the cloud ceiling of sunny Italy has completely blanketed the earth. And, in between, discursive mental rambles on the appeal of texture in every substance from ploughed soil to the curly head of her now distant son; on the meaning of one's husband, of one's children; on the poetry of earth and sea and sky. The prose is distinguished, intensely personal; it could hardly be more feminine.

No American writing today discourses as well as Mrs. Lindbergh about flying—or any other subject, for that matter. In all but a very few instances in the "Steep Ascent" her solitary cogitations ring clear and true. The doubt persists whether one more perilous air adventure would have given a veteran flier such as the narrator an entirely new appreciation of things of earth. Her preface implies that her story will embody certain moments when time brushes eternity. Presumably that refers to the author's many sensitive observations on life (formulated en route) as well as to the final conclusion to which she attaches such significance. Her final achievement of detachment yet appreciation for the various gifts of creation is Stoic rather than Christian. It might easily be developed, of course, in the direction of the science of the saints.

More Books of the Week

The Landslide. Stephen Gilbert. Knopf. $2.50.
Hanrahan's Daughter. Patrick Purcell. Putnam. $2.50.

TWO NOVELS of Ireland and perhaps the easiest way to differentiate between them is to say that one, a complete fantasy, I thought entirely believable; while the other, a nowadays story of love in the County Kilkenny, impressed me as twaddle.

Imaginatively reminiscent of T. H. White's loved and wonderful "The Sword and the Stone," Stephen Gilbert's

Lenten Reading

A LITTLE BOOK ON CHRISTIAN CHARITY. By Dr. Engelbert Krebs. This book opposes the aim of godless philanthropy and clearly defines the supernatural value of the virtue of charity in the light of Catholic dogma. (B. Herder, St. Louis) $1.50

A RADIO REPORTER IN JERUSALEM. By Suzanne and Cita Malard. A radio reporter wanders along the street of a modern city with his microphone asking passers-by "Who is Jesus of Nazareth?" Suddenly the reporter finds himself and his microphone in Jerusalem on the first Palm Sunday. He broadcasts the events of that day, of Maundy Thursday, Good Friday and Easter Sunday. Suzanne Malard is one of the best-known French radio writers. (Sheed & Ward)..$1.50

THE HELIOTROPIUM. By Jeremias Drexelius. After 314 years this classic on the conforming of the human will to the Divine still makes the best—most satisfactory—war time Lenten reading. There is no better book for anyone (of any creed or no creed) who has felt the impact of the present inferno. 400 pp. (Devin-Adair Co., 23 E. 26 St., N.Y.C. 10)....$2.50

SPLENDOR OF SORROW. By Eddie Doherty. A twentieth-century newspaperman brings to the assignment of describing the seven sorrows of Our Lady a vivid pen and a heart filled with love of Mary. He imagines himself a Blind Man, places himself at the scenes of Our Lady's sorrows and calls the saints of all the ages around him to explain all this suffering in one who is so good. (Sheed & Ward).....$1.50

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tale of a boy and his grandfather living sometime somewhere in the remote west of the Island, tells of a single summer when a landslide occurs in the district, re-forming a wild and secluded valley leading into the sea. Here are suddenly uncovered seeds and creatures and the eggs of creatures belonging to another time; and here for a few brief burning months, the boy, Wolfe, and the old schoolmaster are able to consort with a number of fabulous and innocent monsters out of the golden age—a dragon, a sea-serpent, a lovely cabbage-green primeval dog, and countless and beautiful insects and lizards and snakes, all inhabiting the magic jungle the avalanche has precipitated. The friendly meandering manners of some of these creatures arouse fear and rage among the superstitious villagers, and war is declared between them and the dragon and his friends. Intermediary for both sides is the parish priest whose understanding is at times a little confused but whose human sympathies are always uppermost. It is unfortunate, of course, that in any story in which an animal—even a dumb one—largely figures, humanity is apt to come off second-best. However, the dénouement to this one is natural enough and inevitable enough to satisfy anyone—even an intellectual.

Like Mr. White's, Mr. Gilbert's attack is grounded as much on learning as on love; although, unlike him, he depends not at all upon parody or anachronism for his effects. His description of the means of communication between the beasts and their human allies—certainly the crux of the story—seemed to me not only fascinating but *possible;* and his language is at all times singled by his material, and is simple and unadorned. Writing in the first person, from the exact viewpoint of a normal twelve-year-old boy, the author is still able to project that most delicate of qualities, compassion; the essence which must arouse both sadness and joy in the reader at one and the same time. I think his book is a rare and memorable one.

At the other end of the stick, "Hanrahan's Daughter" is very fancy indeed. A sort of Miles Standish affair, the story is a small one depicting the interior anguish of a young man in love with a girl, who is constrained (for obscure reasons to plead the cause of another; and it is built of a rolling prose which I can only say gathers moss from page to page. Leaning heavily on local color—traditions, customs, games and dances of the Suirside—the book communicates little beyond the rhythmic passion of its young author; and it was only in the crescendo description of Kilkenny City itself that I could feel any inherence between the language and its subject. In a brief mention of the book, Edmund Wilson has aptly compared the overladen prose with that of the later O'Casey, although here (mainly because of the comparative looseness of the novel form as opposed to that of the drama) there is less discrepancy between the reflective and purely communicative passages. Nevertheless, it is obvious that Mr. Purcell is far more interested throughout in his own *stream of adjectives* technique than in any story, scene, character or emotion involved. Chosen at random from the same final scene, such examples as: " 'Skip it,' I advised her, ' 'Twould take me the night to explain,' " and "In the doorway we halted for one more kiss before we stepped out in the star-spangled glory of the satin summer night," will give some idea of the incongruity of the process.

A preoccupation with language, with the weight, texture, chromatics and tempi of words is naturally the business of a poet. A preoccupation with one single, cumulative, over-all, soporiferous rhythm has nothing to do with either

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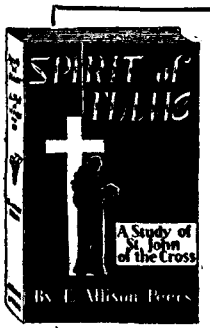

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poetry or prose. I do not know what kind of writer Mr. Purcell wishes to become, but certainly it is his rejection of the disciplines of poetry which has led him to produce the verbose "poetical" novel he has done.

KAPPO PHELAN.

The Letters of Evelyn Underhill. Edited by Charles Williams. Longmans. $3.50.

THE ARIDITIES of Protestantism she flooded with the quickening waters of prayer. Not only had Evelyn Underhill a scholarly understanding of the "development of man's spiritual consciousness" but she developed a very full spiritual life of her own. Naturally to Catholics the first question is why the author of "Mysticism" and "Worship," the editor of Ruysboeck and disciple of Saint John of the Cross never joined the Church which she admits was responsible for her being "converted."

Evelyn Underhill was brought up in the matter of fact religion of the nineteenth century Church of England. She won a prize for a short story when she was sixteen and the two novels which followed evinced her interest in the supernatural. For a time in her twenties, she lost all faith, but reason veered her round to a philosophical theism and, after frequenting both Church of England and Catholic churches, a visit to a Franciscan Convent of Perpetual Adoration brought her a revelation which convinced her that Rome was her "ultimate home." This was in 1907.

"Unfortunately," she writes, "I allowed myself to be persuaded to wait a year." This postponement was at the request of her future husband and was sanctioned by Monsignor Benson. But, alas, then came the Encyclical against Modernism and Miss Underhill felt afraid that she could never be an honest Catholic. On the other hand, she found it impossible to accept Anglicanism; so that 1911 found her still going to Mass but deprived of the sacraments. Most unfortunately there are no letters to explain how she became reconciled to the Anglican Church but, by 1931, she could write to Dom Chapman, Abbot of Downside: "I have been for years now a practising Anglo-Catholic. I solidly believe in the Catholic status of the Anglican Church as to orders and sacraments. It seems to me a respectable suburb of the city of God. I appreciate the superior food, etc., to be found nearer the center of things but the whole point to me is the fact that Our Lord has put me *here,* keeps on giving me jobs to do for souls here and has never given me orders to move." In fact her idea seemed to be that it would be an act of self indulgence to acknowledge Rome and she even speaks of Newman's "spiritual selfishness." Had all the Tractarians imitated him, she declares that English religion today would be as "dead as mutton."

In was in 1911 that she came in contact with Baron von Hügel and from 1921 until her death in 1925, he was her spiritual director and last guide. It was apparently von Hügel who warned Miss Underhill away from joining the Church for spiritual comforts and bade her wait until she received the decisive call—which never came. Perhaps she trusted too much to that "direct spiritual experience" which she wrote was her authority for the Real Presence "no matter what Anglican divines may say." She is very certain, she assures Dom Chapman, that she knows what "the push of God is like."

Certainly she watered her own Anglican garden. What time she had apart from writing and her husband, she devoted to the direction of souls and to conducting retreats. I doubt if anyone sowed more seeds of prayer in

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the English Church. The Roman Missal remained for her "the unmatched treasury." Mass and Communion were the center of her own life and she urged frequent Communion to all her retreatants, emphasizing the importance of the Divine Office said with the *intention* of joining the great corporate prayer of the Church. She herself also practiced the unitive form of meditation which Dom Chapman always regretted was in such general disuse. The interrelation of souls in the household of faith; to love other people in the love of God; to keep a fine balance between the contemplative and active life, was her aim.

Von Hügel seems to speak in most of her letters on spiritual matters in which her counsel is both sane and inspiring and from which she emerges as a gracious scholar of hungry mind, generous, gay, compassionate, with a weakness for cats and great delight in beauty both earthly and heavenly, which accounted for her intimate knowledge of the saints and of both Eastern and Western liturgies. One can but congratulate the Church of England for the leaven she was for them—a leaven as Roman as she could make it. One Catholic comfort she seems to have lacked. Even though she did edit in 1906 a collection of the "Miracles of Our Lady," explaining how once they had been the "best seller" in Medieval England, Miss Underhill seems to have had little or no personal devotion to Our Lady herself. Perhaps that explains a great deal.

E. V. R. WYATT.

Charles Lamb and His Friends. Will D. Howe. Bobbs-Merrill. $3.50.

IT SEEMS to be the fashion at present to denigrate the romantic movement, both in France and England, to decry the grandiloquence of Hugo, the melodrama of Delacroix, the tawdriness and falsity of Shelley and Byron, the unmanliness of Keats; but there will always be stalwart members of an academic old guard, like Professor Lowes and the author of this volume on Lamb, who have swallowed the romantic movement, hook, line and sinker, and remain proud of their perfect digestion. In both countries, romanticism was so excessively picturesque, so fascinatingly sordid, like a fine sunset reddening a London slum. In England, as it seems to me, the movement has suffered, more than by the sentimentality of its adorers in the colleges, by the weakness of its production in prose. This is the more unfortunate when we consider that the movement succeeded a period, from Bunyan to Sterne, when English prose has never been better. The uniform excellence of the English style was first adulterated by Addison who attempted to make it prettified and arch, then by Dr. Johnson who succeeded in making it top-lofty and rhetorical. When we arrive at the romantic era, we discover that the mantle of Johnson has wrapped Wordsworth and Coleridge inextricably in its folds; while the spirit of Addison has descended on Charles Lamb, causing him to prattle prettily about such subjects as chimney sweepers, poor relations, dream-children and roast pig, to the perennial delight of contemporary college professors enamored of Lamb's period.

We know that this seems unjust at first glance. A man has a right to his enthusiasms, and the fact that they appear to have nothing whatsoever to do with the present day is, really, nothing against them. One has no more right to carp at Professor Howe's special interest than to criticize the late Lytton Strachey for getting hot over Hume, or the present writer for admiring another "lovable" character, George Herbert. In this book, the author has

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sought to see Lamb as he appeared to himself, and to a large circle of typically English and typically romantic figures, including the chatty Hazlitt, the absurd, inflated Southey, the great forgotten Haydon, the "philosopher" Godwin and Mrs. Godwin, called by Lamb "a very disgusting woman with green spectacles," Leigh Hunt, the sordid sponge, and Wainewright, wit, esthete and poisoner. The book is well organized, and presents a useful picture of Lamb and his era for anyone much interested in either. There will always be people to enjoy Lamb, just as there will always be those to deify his master, Montaigne. Such is not the case of this reviewer. One could sometimes wish that Professor Howe's personal style were as evocative as the period he celebrates, whose atmosphere has been set down thus by Pater: "Those quaint suburban pastorals gathering a certain grandeur from the background of the great city, with its portent of storm in the rapid light on dome and bleached stone steeple."

CUTHBERT WRIGHT.

Greek Revival Architecture in America. Talbot Hamlin. Oxford. $7.50.

IF WE KNEW as little about American literature as we do about American architecture, most of us would have a hazy conviction that William Cullen Bryant was a whistling dentist from Altoona. Somehow, for one reason or another, we have never given our architectural past the loving study it deserves. We are familiar with a few stray names—with Root, with Richardson, with Sullivan, with McKim, Mead and White—but we have never worried about the other figures whose contribution to our civilization should mean as much to us as penicillin means to a wounded soldier. For American architecture in the nineteenth century was second to none in the world.

No period in American architectural history was more delightful than the romantic era, when our landscape was decorated with Egyptian prisons, Italian villas, gothic gate lodges, and Grecian mansions, all testifying to the current longing for the past. Unfortunately the period has usually been treated with contempt, and until now has been largely misunderstood. But justice has at last been done to the Greek Revival. In a majestic, 439-page history, based on fifteen years of intensive research, Talbot Hamlin of Columbia University sets us right on the achievements of Latrobe, Mills, Strickland, Lafever, Town and Davis, and the other masters of the movement. Gracefully written, and illustrated with hundreds of excellent photographs, Hamlin's book is indispensable for anyone with the slightest curiosity about any aspect of our cultural inheritance.

The term Greek *Revival* is a misnomer, Hamlin tells us. "Nowhere were the architects of the time seeking to build copies of Greek buildings, and usually they did so, if at all, only when forced to it by dilettante clients. Instead, to these men, Greek forms were an inspiration to be studied, their beauties a thing to be absorbed and then, in the construction of new buildings, largely forgotten and replaced by invention." Which should silence for all time the tiresome pedants who rant that the architects of the period were unoriginal.

Hamlin reminds us that from 1820 to 1850, the heyday of the Greek Revival, professional architects were coming to the fore, and that under those conditions radical experimentation was inevitable. He also points out that "at no time in the history of American architecture have structure and design been so thoroughly integrated." Which

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means that the followers of Louis Sullivan have no right to dismiss Thomas U. Walter, the creator of the strikingly functional Girard College in Philadelphia.

One of the most fascinating chapters of Hamlin's book, "The American Development of Greek-Inspired Forms," has been tucked away in the appendix, next to the monumental bibliography. The chapter must not be skipped, for in sixteen admirable pages Hamlin charts all of the influences at work on the Greek "style," from the plates of Stuart & Revett's famous "Antiquities of Athens," to the inspiration of the creative "reinterpretations" invented in the USA.

Anyone who cares about American architecture will be glad to hear that Hamlin has laid out the book on a regional basis, sketching the course of the "revival" first in Philadelphia, then Boston, then New England, then the South, then the Gulf Coast, and finally in the Middle and Far West. Thanks to that arrangement, any one of us who is going traveling can look forward to the pleasure of inspecting the most important buildings of the period in any given area.

In the opinion of this reviewer it is impossible to overestimate Hamlin's contribution to the understanding of our cultural history. If it's worth our while to find out something about the politicians of the era, its Jacksons, its Calhouns, its Clays, it is surely important for us to know something about the architects who built the capitols in which they orated and the homes to which they retired. A careful reading of "Greek Revival Architecture in America" deepens our appreciation of our grandfathers' desires.

WAYNE ANDREWS.

War and the Law. Edited by Ernst W. Puttkammer. Chicago. $2.00.

THE eight professors of law at the University of Chicago who contributed these brief lectures for students to a study of the effects of the war on American democracy have surveyed eight fields without, however, contributing original criticism or charting courses for the future. The professors in examining subjects varying from civil liberties, labor relations and military justice to international cartels and alien enemies, confined their expositions to what is in the books. The facts are clearly stated and the analyses are fair enough. Such conclusions as they express reflect sound and rather obvious democratic doctrine. As a handbook summarizing the facts in each field, it is a useful contribution to subjects too little emphasized.

It seems evident that the purpose of these studies of American institutions, constituting the Walgreen Foundation lectures, were not intended to do more than state the problems; and a criticism of their limitations as contributions to public policy would be aside from their object. But it is regrettable that such distinguished authorities did not take the occasion to make a needed contribution to subjects replete with debate and controversy.

ROGER N. BALDWIN.

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The Big Bosses. Charles Van Devander. Howell. $2.50.

IN ELECTION YEAR Americans will certainly want to know what is the current political situation in various sections of the country where organized politics plays a major part. This volume most competently summarizes the present situation in such places as Chicago, California, Philadelphia, New York State, Missouri, Louisiana. Mr. Van Devander's account is written clearly and seems by and large accurate and up-to-date. He points out that we should not be shocked at any particular candidate's leaning upon boss support, for with our system every candidate does precisely this. Nor does this mean that the bosses rule him, but rather that alliances of this sort are mutually profitable.

Alaska and the Canadian Northwest. Harold Griffin. Norton. $2.75.

THIS completely unliterary attempt at descriptive geography supplies a wealth of reasons for believing that the extreme Northwest of our continent still constitutes a real frontier for pioneering in the old American sense. It is not only that there are rich sources of precious metals, coal, oil and timber, or that there are vast areas where cultivation of the soil is highly practicable. The key to the situation is that Alaska and Northwest Canada have experienced a terrific development through the exigencies of this war, that roads have provided access to vast stores of nature's riches. Perhaps even more important is the fact that this large area lies directly along the great circle air route from the United States to Asia.

Hackberry Cavalier. George Sessions Perry. Viking. $2.50.

MR. PERRY is an intelligent and engaging young writer who is coming steadily to the fore. His current volume deals with the simple people of our Texas bayou country and, like his other efforts at fiction in books or slick magazines, makes excellent escapist reading. It is about Edgar Selfridge, a gilded, foot-loose and romantic young man whose greatest joy is in setting things right for people, particularly for young lovers. He always hopes in the course of his wanderings to meet a beautiful and unattached maiden, but he is too happy-go-lucky ever seriously to mind each time this hope is disappointed. "Hackberry Cavalier" embodies certain strong resemblances to Dickens and Saroyan.

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The Inner Forum

Eastern Rites and Orthodox

FROM time to time in these pages THE COMMONWEAL has adverted to Catholics of the Eastern Rites in the United States. "One Fold and One Shepherd," a booklet published by the Ukrainian Catholic Seminary of Stamford, Conn., and containing radio addresses by Auxiliary Bishop Ambrose Senyshyn, O.S.B.M. (Order of Saint Basil the Great), of the Ukrainian Catholic Diocese of the United States, makes clear the extent of the Eastern Rites and the key importance of these Catholics in progress toward the reunion of Christendom.

"The largest group of the Byzantine rite, some 6,000,000, are the Ukrainian Catholics. The majority live in Galicia or Western Ukraine. Those who migrated to this hemisphere have settled in the United States, Canada, Brazil and Argentina." There are 300,000 in the United States and the same number in Canada, 150,000 in Brazil and Argentina. "There are twelve different languages in which Mass is said every day in the year—Latin, Greek, Church Slavonic, Syriac, Armenian, Georgian, Arabic, Rumanian, Hungarian and Geez or old Ethiopian. . . . Using different languages right here in Chicago there are ten churches of Eastern Rites—four Ukrainian, one Carpatho-Ruthenian, one Hungarian, one Croatian, one Chaldean, one Melchite-Syrian and one Russian. Though their language for Mass is not Latin, and their members do not genuflect, and they do not have rails before the Sanctuary, they are true Catholics. . . . There are within the United States and Canada over a million Catholics who belong to the Eastern Rites. . . ."

"Many Orthodox outside of the Catholic Church use the Eastern Rites. And there are about 300,000,000 such brethren. No great dogmatic gulf separates these Orthodox from Catholics." Bishop Senyshyn quotes Pius XI: "People do not realize how much faith, goodness and Christianity there are in these bodies now separated from age-long Catholic truth. Pieces broken from gold-bearing rock themselves bear gold. The ancient Christian bodies of the East keep so venerable a holiness that they deserve not merely respect but our complete sympathy." Pius XI said on another occasion: "So large a part of Divine Revelation has been most piously preserved among these people, and there flourishes among them a sincere allegiance to Christ Our Lord and a special love and devotion for His Virgin Mother and the practice of the Sacraments themselves."

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